

Halo 3 Alliance, Betrayal, death

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Summary: Arbitor discovers a program that allows flood infested people to be returned to life, but the Fore-runners want it too...

1. The discovery

I don't own the story, just a copy of the game.

"Arbitor, Arbitor, wake up! Wake up! Please! Get up! We need you! The Flood are coming this way! Hurry!"

The Arbitor stirred, but his nightmare was not over yet. "Lilandra! No! Damn you Tatarus! Please stop, take my life instead!" The Arbitor could only watch as his beloved's heart was torn out of her body and devoured by the Brute Commander. Her body then fell from the tower, landing on a sub-level, where it was consumed by a Flood. She picked up an energy sword and jumped up to the top level where Tatarus and the Arbitor were. The Arbitor made no effort to resist as she plunged it through his heart and stomach, and finally, beheading him.

Awaking suddenly, Arbitor felt a Flood parasite jump onto him. He shook it off and reached for his plasma rifle. He shot the vermin, causing it to explode. More parasites were rushing into his room now, and he filled the doorway with plasma bolts. His gun overheated and he threw it at a parasite that was going to jump on his second in command, Laager. He reached down into a footlocker and pulled out a plasma pistol and a needler. A few grunts had fallen to the ground and were being eaten by parasites, so Arbitor blasted each of them with a charged up blast from his pistol. After ten more minutes of such fighting, all the parasites were defeated. Roughly four elites and seven grunts had died, so their bodies were burned to ashes and placed in cremation jars to be sent home to their families.

The Arbitor, after calming down a little, stocked up on weapons, placing ten plasma grenades on his belt, a plasma pistol in a boot

holster, a particle beam rifle across his back, clipped a de-activated energy sword to his belt and held a needler in each hand. Heading out with Laager, who held a carbine and a backup plasma pistol as well as four grunts armed with assortments of fuel rod cannons, plasma pistols, plasma grenades, needlers and stolen SMGs, they left in search of more Flood.

Activating three elevators, the Arbitor said, "Laager, take a grunt and scope out the mess hall on the third floor you're Alpha group. You three grunts are Beta group, go search the living quarters on the fourth floor. I'll be Zulu. I'm going to go to the second floor's control room and see how they got in. If you encounter any Flood, radio in and we'll come join you. Enter every room under active cameo."

With a ding, the elevators hit their floor. The covenant military hit their floors, closed the doors and listened to the Halo song on the way up.

The Arbitor picked up a disk from the desk next to the central computer. He inserted it into the D- drive and was shocked. It was a human disk with blueprints of a device which seemed to bring a person infected by a flood back to life, using the flood itself to return the person's brain to normal. He took the disk out, put it in his pocket and opened up the central programming status system. A map appeared and showed the base's schematics, showing the activity levels in each room. They would show where the Flood were, and where they came in from. He saw that it was on the third floor, in the central hangar. Accessing the cameras in the hangar, he noticed that they seemed to be bringing in ships full of carriers and had a cargo ship carrying corpses.

_How? The Flood are not intelligent enough to fly ships, much less co-ordinate an attack such as this! _The Arbitor thought. Zooming into the driver's seat, the Arbitor saw something that chilled his blood and made him, a hardened warrior, break down and cry. He saw a group of Fore-runners, and a Flood infested Tatarus holding his beloved Lilandra in energy restraints. Activating the camera's sniper function, he targeted the Forerunner pilot and shot him through the head. About to target another, a scream came over the radio.

"Laager!" The Arbitor shouted. He ran to the elevators blasted open the doors, climbed the emergency ladder and kicked open the third floor's doors and saw a Flood-infested humans. The Arbitor threw a plasma grenade at a group blocking his exit, but more filled their place. They, he heard the worst possible sound â€“ the wooshing of an anti-gravitational elevator platform activating. Jumping out of the way and onto the platform, Arbitor dodged claws and managed to pull out his pair of needlers.

A Flood infested sergeant swiped at him, but was filled with two full clips of needles. Sticking a plasma grenade to its forehead, Arbitor chucked the body as far as he could. The creature landed at the end of the crowd and exploded, causing most of the Flood to either be incinerated in pink and blue fire or be thrown from their feet, unconscious or dead. The Arbitor managed to kick a large amount of them into the elevator and toss a frag grenade into it with them. Finishing the rest off with a needler burst, the Arbitor ran to find his friend. Laager had gotten onto a high ledge but was surrounded by

beserking Brute-Flood.

"Damn these Flood! This could be hardâ€|. "

2. Well who do we have here?

Master Chief got up, hardly able to stop himself from puking. He had snuck onto the Flood ship full of corpses to get into the covenant base, destroy it and take the Flood with them. He decided he would definitely need a few weapons, so he searched the corpses. He grabbed 5 plasma grenades, 5 fragmentation grenades, a pair of SMGs, a BR60 battle rifle (similar to the BR55, but with an added bonus of empty magazines blowing up if you activated them), a S2 AM sniper rifle, a needler and held onto his old M90 shotgun, the same he used to get off the first and second halos. "Damn that smells," he said as he left the ship. The chief considered throwing in a frag grenade to stop the bodies from being used. "Nah, more fun this way."

Meanwhile

"Arbitor, you're just in time! I was just about to kill these things, wanna have some fun?" Laager shouted.

"Well, since that carbine of yours won't do much good, sure. Take these needlers, jump down here and we'll get this party started!" The Arbitor threw his needlers to his friend and pulled out his energy sword. Jumping up towards a Floodie, he preformed a fatal lunge straight downward. After disposing of the creature, Arbitor tucked and rolled, disengaging his sword so as not to cut himself. He regained his feet and kicked a brute/flood away, then slashed another's head off and threw it at the one he kicked. The creature fell on its ass and could not get up. Laager finished it off with a charged burst from his plasma pistol.

"Good work, Siemus! That was amazing!" Laager said.

"Arbitor, my name is ARBITOR!"

"That's a rank buddy, you've gotta chill out!"

"I will 'chill out' when the danger of the Flood is eradicated! I do not see how someone so lax was given the rank of 2IC."

"You put a good word in for me, remember, and when the time came, they gave you five people to choose from, and you picked me."

"Rightâ€|sometimes I regret that decision." Laager punched Siemus playfully, but then, at the same moment realized, "THE FLOOD!" The four remaining brute/flood had activated the auto-weapons and had run.

"Stay very, very still. On my count, activate camouflage and jump as high as you can. Land behind the closest guns. Disable them and move to the nextâ€|Ready, three, two, one, MOVE!" Siemus yelled and jumped from cannon to cannon, destroying them. There were 24 in all, 12 each.

"Race you!" Laager yelled. The two destroyed their second to last at almost the exact instant, stared at each other for a moment daring the other to move, until Laager did. He jumped at the gun and pistol whipped it, while looking at Arbitor. He did not realize that his friend had shot the gun with his particle beam cannon, which beat Laager there. "Nice idea. You win."

"Thanks, now let's move." Activating his radio, he said, " Beta group, this is Alpha and Zulu. We have a man down, but 2IC Laager and I are going to move on your position. Where are you?"

Only static came over the other line until they heard, "Arbitor, help, we are cornered by Flood. No one was on the fourth floor so we went down to the hangar. We need help! LOTS OF FLOOD! HELP! AAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH! NO! Ughâ€|**thunk.**"

"Bravo leader? Bravo leader do you copy. Bravo two, bravo three, are you there?" Saimus shouted.

"Ahhh! We're going to run to the mess hall. Help us get rid of all the people in our way!" The sound of a pistol whip came over the radio.

"Arbitor. This is Spartan 117. I snuck aboard a flood ship and now am in the hangar with your men. I will lead them to your position, over."

"Demon! Get out of my base, we need not your help." Laager shouted.

"My friend, it is okay. Spartan 117, move to our position in the mess hall. We will regroup and take the hangar by storm, over and out." Saimus said.

"Are you sure this is a good idea?" Laager asked.

"No, I'm not. However, I am sure that it is the best idea. It's better to have him with us than against us."

3. Kill the spartan!

"Spartan, I know that you are a well respected leader of your people, but on this mission, it's my home, my battle. We do things my way. Okay?" Saimus said.

"Sure, s_ir._" Chief said sarcastically.

"We'll go back downstairs and get some more troops. Then, we storm the hangar." They entered the elevator and took it down a floor. They exited the elevator and recruited a few squads. Alpha consisted of the Arbitor, six grunts and a red armored elite sniper. Bravo consisted of Master Chief, four jackals and a silver armored elite swordsman. Charlie was Laager and twenty grunts (excessive?). Delta consisted of one gold-armored elite and a set four blue snipers. Echo was surprising. Echo was six hunters and a black elite guerilla fighter.

The five squadrons all entered from separate entrances. Delta went up to the third floor and prepared to snipe down from the windows

overlooking the hangar. Echo entered from a door directly in line with the ship, their target was to destroy the ships and any in them. Alpha would be taking down the cargo ship carrying the corpses and clearing paths for Echo. Bravo would be a full out attack on the flood on the floor and in the ship. Charlie squadron, being the largest, would be laying down suppressive fire to protect the others.

"Squadrons, check in. Alpha, check. Bravo?" Arbitor called roll.

"In position, ready to enter hangar through designated doors," the human said.

"Good, glad to see your inferior species produced at least one good leader. Charlie?"

"Why do I have to be Charlie? Can't I be Foxtrot?" Laager asked.

"Charlie leader!"

"My name is Laager and my squad is FOXTROT!"

"Dammit Laager, just tell Alpha leader you're in position!" Chief said.

"Thank you Bravo commander! Fine, Foxtrot leader, are you in position?"

"SIR YES SIR!"

"Cut the crap. Delta?"

"In position on third floor, targeting leaders as we speak."

"Good work Delta. Echo?"

"The hunters are getting restless. I got that armor over most of their weak spots, but one tried to gut me so one's missing it. We're in position though."

"When I call your name, enter and begin your assault. ECHO!" Echo's door opened and the sound of fuel rod cannons filled the air.

"DELTA!" Particle beam cannons took out the visible leaders and began to target others. "Alpha's moving in, when we go through, Foxtrot, you guys follow us and start laying down your fire!" The two teams moved through their doors, leaving Bravo the only squad left who hadn't entered the fray.

"Screw the waiting, I'm going in, MOVE OUT PEOPLE!" Chief said. He moved his squad through the doors and into the battle.

"Bravo leader! I did not command you to begin battle! Get back through your door now! That's an order!" Arbitor said.

"I'm doing this my way." Master Chief pulled out his M90 shotgun and shot down a set of flood coming towards him. He picked up a frag grenade and threw it at a beserking brute/flood.

"Earthling, stop or as soon as this is done, I will assassinate you

in front of the entire planet!"

"Blah blah blah. You keep talking and I keep not caring. Now just so you know, I'm not Spartan 117. I'm 204. I'm part of the newest Spartan project. 117 trained me, and the others are on their way." (A.M. That's why he seemed so OOC. I don't know what that stands for, but I know what it means. Anyone wanna fill me in?)

"Damn! Alpha squad sniper 1, lead the rest of the squad to objective. Bravo squad swordsman 1, lead squad to objective. Foxtrot, continue with objective. Delta, use half of your squad to attack 204, keep the other half focused on the objective. Echo, continue with objective. I'm going to imprison 204 and then go directly after Tatarus," Siemus' orders came.

The Arbitor jumped high in the air and pulled out his energy sword. A particle beam shot flew through the air and caught the Spartan's leg. Slowed down, he was easily caught and thrown into a containment cell by the Arbitor. "DELTA SQUAD SNIPERS WHO WERE TARGETING THE FILTH, PROCEDE WITH PRIMARY OBJECTIVE!" The Arbitor ran into the ship and went to take out Tatarus, but as he entered the ship, an enormous shockwave shook the hangar. A hunter had fallen.

"Arbitor, this is Delta leader! We need help. A hunter has fallen and is being swarmed with Flood parasites! Requesting backup!"

"Laager, send ten grunts to defend it. Delta leader, destroy the body! NOW!" The Arbitor ran into the ship and saw Tatarus holding his beloved Lilandra. There were energy bonds around her legs, arms and mouth.

The beast picked her up and draped her over his shoulder saying, "Ahhh, Arbitor. I see you care for this one. If you wish for her to live, call off your men and take that sword and stick it through yourself. I will then infest your body with a flood and bring you back to life under my master's control."

"I have a better idea." The Arbitor mule kicked Tatarus, causing him to drop Lilandra. He slashed off her restraints and gave her a pair of needlers. "Go, save yourself. Get to the barracks and seal the door. Barricade it and do not open the door for anyone except me AFTER I give you the code-word. If I do not come by nightfall, activate the self-destruct and get as far away from here as possible. I love you."

"Siemus! No! I will not leave you again!"

"Go my love, it may be too late for me already." Tatarus was getting up now, so Arbitor pushed his mate out of the door and sealed it. (A.N. Bit cheesy, I know, but hey, he's in love.) "Now, you will die for good, Tatarus!"

"I think not!" A voice came from behind him.

"Who are you?"

"I am the Forerunner known as Halios. The creator of the Halos."

Okay, will someone please review! I haven't gotten any! If i don't

get any, I'm cutting this thing off.

4. The truth about the halos, and four more...

"So how did it happen? Whyâ€"how could you do it? Halo is evil. It is a tool, yes, and can only be used by a craftsman. However it is a tool created by an evil craftsman and would only be used by another evil craftsman," the Arbitor inquired.

"From what I have heard, it seems you do not know the true extent of Halo's multiple functions. You must understand, the whole destroying all life thing is only true on one level. The Icon which you encountered had been one of many such. This Icon, however had been lost a century ago. You see, the Green Icon is a plague. The red Icon will destroy planetsâ€"

"HA! THE ICONS ARE EVIL!"

"No! The blue Icon heals all wounds. The purple will revive people who's minds have been damaged. The yellow will bring galactic peace. My best work is the orange, though. It allows the activator and any within five feet to become gods!"

"And you have used this orange icon?"

"Alas, no. For you see, any Halo I step onto self-destructs. Quite a shame.:

"Indeed."

"I believe you know of another. An artificial Icon made by humans. A program that willâ€-â€-

"Restore the mind of one inflicted by the Flood."

"Yes. Now, allow me a moment." Pulling his coat open, showing a set of Icons and a set of similar technologies, the Forerunner pulled out a ring similar to a Halo, but A) at a much smaller scale, and B) it had a space to insert an icon on the side. "This is a miniature Halo, which channels the same Icons at a much smaller scale. It will not affect anything outside this base, but I can do what I wish with it. Sadly, the orange Icon will not work on this." Pulling out a smaller yellow Icon, Halios inserted it into the "Halo 3" and yelled, "FLOOD! I COMMAND YOU TO LAY DOWN YOUR WEAPONS AND DESTROY YOURSELVES!" After de-activating the machine, he said, "Mind control, gotta love it."

"So you will leave?"

"No. The Flood will. I will remain here. I need somewhere to base my operations."

"THIS IS MY BASE! IT WILL NOT BE TAKEN OVER! YOU WILL NOT USE IT FOR YOURâ€|OPERATIONS, WHATEVER THEY MAY BE!"

"Oh that is where you are wrong, Arbitor. You are no longer in charge. My operations will proceed from here. I will claim the human Icon. You will be my servant and you will obey!"

"Imbecile, do you really think you will get away with it? The higherarks will destroy you!"

"Wrong! I control the higherarks! Soon I will find a way around the destruction flaw and I will be a god! TAKE HIM AWAY!" He shouted as a dozen pairs of hands grabbed him.

"DIE! HALIOS! I WILL TAKE YOU AND THE REST OF THIS BASE WITH ME!" Shaking free, Arbitor pulled out the rest of his plasma grenades and dual-wielded a pair of plasma rifles. Shooting the grenades, filling them with more plasma, he stuck them together, creating a bomb roughly as tall as he was, only spherical. He hurled it at Halios and ran. He went to Lilandra's room and got her to flee. He then raced to the containment cell, knocked the Spartan out and took him with them, thinking, I'll need all the allies I can get. On his way out, he managed to find a two of each, a hunter, grunt, elite, and jackals. Sadly, they only could find two plasma pistols and a plasma grenade. The hunters had their shields, but one was missing an arm and one's gun was out of ammo. It still made a good heat source though, so they brought it.

LATER

"Ugh. Woah, did I just get laid?" 204 said.

"No filth! You were captured! We're on the run from the creator of the Halos. I got you out because I need as many allies as possible. I want you to contact your leader, 117 and have him send as many Spartans as possible. Then, I want you to answer some questions."

"Fine, I'll contact him, but you had better leave my genitals alone!" 204 said.

"You are a pervert. Don't worry, we're not going to touch you."

LATER

"I contacted them, they'll be arriving soon." The Spartan said.

"How soon?" Seimus replied.

"3â€|2â€|"

"What?"

"1!" With a flash, seven Spartans appeared.

"Unit 200! Reporting for duty. Sir, I will follow any order and will obey every command. Just say the word and I willâ€"AH!" A pink Spartan said before being chased down and gutted by a hunter's shield.

"What? Oh heyâ€|Yeahâ€| umâ€| I'm 201â€|Dan. Ummmmâ€| you can't see it, but I'm the Goatee!" A dark green Spartan said.

"SIR! HALO FREAK ALBERT THE ALBANIAN! I HATE YOU ARBITOR, GO TO HELL! NUMBER 202!" A hunter moved towards him, but Arbitor waved it away from the black Spartan.

"I'm Nick, number 207, specializing in scorpion driving and sniping."
Blood red armor.

"Leconi, Andrew, number 203! I like bombs!" Gold armor.

"Are yew dewpad! I'm Kevin! I piss people off so they can't think straight and then nail them in the spine with my shotgun! 239." Purple armor.

"Who's he?" Arbitor asked, indicating to a Spartan with blue armor.

"He's Twitch. We don't know his real name, he doesn't talk much."

RECAP OF NEW SPARTANS

NAME NUMBER COLOUR SPECIALTY NICKNAME

DAN 201 GREEN ALL AROUND GOATEE

ALBERT 202 BLACK SUICIDAL HALO FREAK

NICK 207 RED TANK/SNIPER NITRO

ANDREW 203 GOLD DEMOLITIONS AND1

KEVIN 239 PURPLE ANNOYING FAG

? ? BLUE ? TWITCH

Thanks to my one reviewer so far, do I hear two, if not, I won't continue this story!

5. Let's move out!

Dear my loyal reviewer! Thanks a lot for your reviewâ€|glad you like the story. Sorry bout the "later" jumpsâ€|I'll try to take them out, but nothing happened in the half an hour/hour that passed by so I didn't think it would matter. Everyone else that reads this, please review!

Dear my other reviewer, this is an edit! I got your review durring the read only time, so i thought I'd add this in, THANK YOU!

Key:

Thought

Covenant translated

Set in this person's P.O.V.

Author's note

**flashback**

Nitro

Its day two for us on this odd planet. So far, nothing much has happened, except that Twitch was attacked by a hunter and killed it. Now, he won't shut up! We found out that his real name is Gilbert Terrance and he's an amazing shot with a battle rifle. He took out a hunter which was using a human rocket launcher in exactly 23.22189352909393237957892897592748937493790104579027593795723971 seconds. He didn't even hit the weak spots once.

**Flashback**

Twitch was gathering ammo together, since they planned to attack a command post the next day and needed to have everything ready to go. He reached for a battle rifle, but so did the hunter he was working with. He and it struggled with it for a while, and then let go, picking up its new favorite toy, a rocket launcher. Twitch backed away, still holding the battle rifle clutched to his chest like a life preserver. The hunter shot a rocket at him and Twitch dove. He rolled behind cover and checked the ammo gauge. 16 bullets. He looked over his shoulder and saw that the hunter was targeting over him, planning to take him out with splash damage. Turning back around, he checked his motion sensor and waited for the rocket to move. He saw it release and then jumped away from his cover. Soaring through the air, he landed on the rocket launcher itself and kicked the hunter's nose, shattering the bone. He shot all sixteen bullets into its heavily armored head, four of which punched through. He jumped off the hunter and shifted the traction on his boots to maximum. He landed on a tree, sideways and watched it fall. He picked up a coconut and pistol whipped it with his gun, breaking it in half. The juice spilt out and he wrote with it in the sand, "Here lies a traitor. HE TRIED TO STEAL MY BATTLE RIFLE!"

**End flashback.**

End Nitro

"Hey guys what's up? Are we going to attack today? Are we are we are we?" Twitch said. A hunter passed by, on patrol duty and pointed at him. "WHAT DO YOU WANT FREAK! YOU'RE GONNA GET SHOT JUST LIKE YOUR PLAYBOY PLAYMATE! THAT'S RIGHT WALK AWAY! GOOD! KEEP RUNNING," he yelled after it. He pulled out his battle rifle and shot a few bullets after it to scare it away. "THAT WAS FRICKIN AWESOME!"

"SPARTAN! IF YOU ATTACK ANOTHER OF OUR ALLIES, WE WILL HAVE YOU KILLED! STOP! On a lighter note, we're moving out it twenty minutesâ€¦be ready."

The Spartans suited up, getting their favorite weapons. Nick sent a message to Earth via uplink and had them port in a Scorpion, three warthogs and an ATV.

Name Primary weaponSecond weaponVehicle affiliation

ArbitorPlasma rifleSMGATV

Elite1Plasma riflenoneDriver, warthog

1

LilandrasNeedlerNeedlerSide-seat warthog 1

Elite 2Particle beam cannonnoneLAAG turret, warthog 1

Grunt1Plasma pistolnoneScorpion Jump seat

Grunt2Plasma pistolnoneWarthog 2 side

HunterDetached LAAG turret none2 scorpion
jump-seats

NickSnipershotgunscorpion driver

Danenergy sworddual SMGWarthog 2 gunner

AndyRocket launcherunltd grenadesWarthog 2 driver

Alberthuman energy swddual pistolsWarthog 3 driver

Twitchbattle riflebattle rifleWarthog 3 gunner

KevinDual pistolsDual SMGWarthog 3 side seat

"Well, we might as well move out." A whirring noise was heard, and then the sound of a teleporter activating. A second later, they saw Master Chief.

"Arbitor, long time no see. Thought you might need some help." Picking up his favourite weapon, an M90 shotgun and attaching a few SMGs to his belt, he walked over to the scorpion jump seat and asked, "What're we waiting for, get in those warthogs and lets roll."

This one is the REAL M.C.

Hope you guys like it, Master Chief might seem a bit OOC because he'll be talking a lot more, but he had to learn to talk while training the Spartans and so he's changed a bit.

6. Just a little healthy competition

Pulling the scorpion into position, Nick targeted the base carefully. Master Chief had loaned him Cortana and she calculated the exact spot it where, if hit, the entire base would come crashing down. Noting a few sentries on the roof, Nick took them out with the machine gun and then targeted the structure's breaking point. He shot with the heavy launcher, but missed it by three feet. He instead hit a barrack and killed a few elites. One that survived hit the alarm and soon, they were swarmed. Everyone jumped out of their vehicles and flipped the warthogs, providing cover. Albert quickly sliced off a turret and grabbed a grunt. Sitting him down behind it, he commanded the grunt to shoot.

Nick ducked behind a tank and sniped at the elite swordsman that was going to sneak up on them. "FOUR!"

Dan instantly jumped into the fray with his energy sword, "One, two, three, four, AH!" A gold swordsman swiped at him, "Finally, some

competition!"

Albert was assassinating grunts left right and centre. "Half, one, one and a half, two, two and a half, three, three and a half, four, four and a half, five, five and a half, six."

Twitch was blasting away with his battle rifle amazingly. He took down a few elites and spotted a golden one. Tossing a grenade, he knocked it down, but it lay on the ground firing. He finished it off with a shot to the spine.

Andrew was lobbing grenades like crazy. He managed to take out fifteen grunts, putting him in first. Then, he felt an elite grab his arm and twist, spraining his wrist. His throwing hand weak and his rocket launcher too heavy to support with one hand, he picked up an energy sword and, with his left hand, decapitated the elite. He tried to take out another elite, but found it hard to wield the sword well. He picked up a plasma pistol and ducked behind a warthog so he would have some cover, saying, "Damn, gonna need a miracle to get out of this!"

Kevin was wielding his dual SMGs expertly and doing something good for once. He ripped through elites, four of them in less than ten seconds. Then, he was shot six times, once with a plasma pistol, once with a sniper, once with a thrown energy sword, once with dual pistols, and once with a dual smg. "GUYS! I KNOW YOU HATE ME, BUT NOW IS NOT THE TIME TO GANG UP ON ME!" He was silenced by a sniper shot to the forehead.

"Ding dong the fag is dead, ding dong the stupid fag is dead!" Albert said, he was about to sing again when an elite swung an energy sword at him. "Aww hell no!" He preformed a fatal lunge and stabbed the elite, then picked up the elites sword and removed his own. With two swords in hand, he announced, "SEVEN!"

"Big deal, I'm still winning," Andrew said.

"Eight! Nine!" Nick and Dan said unanimously

"AWW bullshit!" Albert and Andrew said at once. Andrew charged his plasma pistol and shoved it in a elite's face, then snapped the neck of a jackal with a kick. Albert was startled as two elites tried to flank him, but then crouched down, cut off four legs, and stood on their heads. Armor and skull gave way under twenty tons of Mjolinr armor.

"All tied up then I guessâ€|" Nick said. "Poor Kevin, and it would have been so much fun to gloat on how we won." As he said this, twelve more elites came out. "Three each then."

Dan took his out with quick decapitations. Andrew pistol whipped one, charged blasted another and then tripped one over an edge. Nick took his out with a shotgun shell each. Albert used his dual pistols and hit headshots on all three. Five more came out and the group, slightly tired, weakly lifted their weapons and charged. They were about to fire/slash when ten shots rang out.

"Thought you might have needed some help, this M90 does the trick every time. Get in there, there'll be four Prophets. 343 guilty spark is trying to convince them to focus all of their attention on the

human Spartan project. If he succeeds we're toast, and that means that Earth is toast." Master Chief said.

"Before we go, how many kills you get?" Albert asked.

"Seventy four and a half, plus a pair of hunters."

"You're my god!" Albert said shakily.

"Let's go, Albanian wonder!"

"Those guys are pretty tough! Cortana, any buddies you have that you could give them?" Chief asked.

"Well, I do have a few ideas!" The A.I. said.

Inside the construct:

The four Spartans entered the complex and spread out. Nick was to take the Prophet of Remembrance, Albert the Denial, Andrew the Acceptance, Daniel the Shame. The Covenant were to make sure no Flood showed up or Forerunners. Twitch, who had lost the competition was outside with Master Chief, providing cover for the tank and warthogs. Before entering the building, they had opened up a trunk to the warthog and gotten weapons. Dan was featuring dual pistols and a battle rifle, Nick got tons of ammo for his sniper and shotguns, Albert got a sniper and a sword and Andrew got a rocket launcher and grenades, as well as an over shield. The Arbiter's covenant who had been told to wait and let the new Spartans try out their capabilities. They now came out full blast and had weapons they were familiar with from the battle outside. The hunter was dual wielding a pair of bond brother's fuel rod cannons. The Arbiter was dual wielding needlers and had a backup plasma pistol. A grunt had an alien rocket launcher, another two plasma pistols, Laager had dual plasma rifles, Lilandra had an SMG and a battle rifle and their elite held a particle beam cannon.

"Let's move out. You know your objectives! fulfill them." The Arbiter said.

The five groups spread apart and went onward to meet destiny.

7. Jags

Albert looked around searching for an indication as to where the Prophet of Denial was. He prepared his sword, turned a corner and found himself looking at a group of brutes all holding brute shots. Bringing his sword up, he dodged a barrage of grenades, jumped and kicked off of a wall, holding his arm outstretched. This move decapitated a brute, slashed the guts out of another, cut into a chest of one and wounded three more. He changed to an acquired brute shot and with the bladed end, cut a hole in a brute, then shoved the barrel into the hole and fired. He put a barrel to another brute's head and shot through the skull, and then pulled his sword back out. He threw the Brute Shot at a brute that was going to go berserk. He finished off the rest with a well placed fragmentation grenade and a few fatal lunges. He saw his Prophet and sniped it right in the heart.

Daniel's search for the Prophet of Shame was over. He knew shooting at it would do no good and so he gunned down its guarding sentinels and a pair of elite forerunners. He crossed the distance from him to the Prophet in an instant and jumped over and behind it. He smashed its floating device with a pistol whip and shot it in the skull.

Nick had taught the Prophet of Remembrance that it should not live in the past. He had seen it being guarded by Guilty Spark 343 and a pair of hunters and had sniped the hunters immediately. He got his shot lined up against the Prophet but 343 had taken the hit instead and deflected it. He jumped and rolled towards the two, blasted the Prophet's head off with a shotgun blast and grabbed guilty spark. He injected a program from Cortana into its "brain," giving her total control over it. She made it fly back to her and Chief outside.

Andrew saw the Prophet of Acceptance surrounded by over fifty grunts. He tossed a concussion grenade which knocked many grunts down and disabled the anti-grav device the Prophet was sitting on. "ACCEPT THIS!" he shouted as he fired his rocket launcherâ€"18 rounds in less than five seconds, so fast it almost qualified as semi automatic.

"_Dan, Andy, Albert, Nick, do you read me?_" Master Chief asked over the com. Four blue acknowledgment lights winked on. "_Good. I'm glad that you guys are done, come back outside and we'll blow this place to kingdom come_" Blue acknowledgment lights again.

The four Spartans went to the main hall, roughly twenty yards from the exit. They met up and then opened the door.

Nick stepped forward first and saw a large group of covenant elites, grunts, and jackals, forerunner elites, grunts, and jackals as well as a large group of brutes and hunters. There were a few flood infection forms in crates being carried in by large cat-like creatures. Larger than brutes but smaller than hunters, they were furred and carried long rifles that looked similar to human sniper rifles but were technologically advanced. They had orange beaks that split into 4 parts, top right, top left, bottom right and bottom left. They had long claws on their four arms that seemed able to crush skulls with a flick of the wrist. Cortana, seeing this through a live feed instantly designated them Jaguars and named their guns Jaguar Claws for lack of a better name.

Deciding that it would be best to duck back and wait for a plan than charge in, Nick quickly but quietly closed the door and told the others about what he saw.

"Best plan would be for us to trick them into fighting each other. A bunch get taken out and we get to see what the deal is on the Jaguars," Albert said.

"Naw, man. We fire a shot in from a rocket launcher to cripple them, then knock them down with concussion grenades. We go in and finish the job with other stuffâ€|"Andrew replied.

"We should take 'em out sniper style," Nick said.

"I don't care, lets just get it over with so I can get some food, I'm hungry!" Dan exclaimed.

"Alright. Albert, try to do your plan, but Andrew, you get ready with those rockets, give Dan a few concussion grenades. I'll climb up that wall to the balcony and snipe them out after we get a good plan going." Nick compromised. As he finished talking, they heard a group of grunts coming over towards them.

"Perfect way to start this plan. Piss them off, and open the door, a stray bullet will go into the room, we throw them in, close the door and watch through the window. The Jaguars tear up the grunts and we get a bunch of our opponents taken out. Halfway through, Andy, you smash that window and fire through it. Nick, you climb that wall and try to test the Jaguar's armor. I'll come with you. Dan, it's your job to get those grunts through the door. Also, I want you to take out any flood that might come out of this battle." Albert said.

"Great plan but who made you team leader?" Andy asked.

"Just do it! BREAK!"

The grunts walked through the halls in a triple file line and columns of four with a grunt in gold armor leading them. They all were armed with plasma pistols, but the leader held a pair of needlers. They marched through until they saw Dan holding his magnum leveled at their head level. He shot a person in the first line (AN not the leader) right in the head and it dropped. Plasma shot from its gun as it went down, and it singed the leader as well as the person next to it. A few scattered but many dropped to crouches to fire at him. He ducked behind a wall and pretended to run away, they saw the door slightly open and ran through it searching for him.

Dan slammed the door behind him and shot the cowards who hadn't gone in. He busted a window and with a relieved plasma pistol, overcharged a blast that hit a Jaguar square in the chest. It took the hit and seemed to be surprised at such a betrayal. It charged at the grunts, beheading two elites on his way by. He tore every grunt to shreds in nothing flat. The brutes and elites seemed to feel this was the right thing to do, but the elites were mad about the death of their two beheaded comrades. The hunters, grunts and jackals were pissed that the grunts were killed. The other Jaguars seemed bored by the entire thing. Then, all hell broke loose.

The hunters, grunts and jackals were on one side, the Jaguars and Brutes on another and the elites all alone. The HGJ team had the advantage in size, the JB team had strength and the elites were screwed, even though nobody had any real problem with them. Andrew was ready to fire at any given moment, but wanted to wait until the fight got underway so that people would be too consumed in their fight to worry about him. Albert and Nick were in no such predicament and as soon as the first shot broke out (120 crystalline needles into a Jaguar's head which was enough, barely, to put it down) they opened up with the snipers, concentrating on Jaguars but aiming at the Hunters as well.

Dan tossed a few concussion grenades in for good measure to knock down a hunter and three elites as well as two brutes. He then switched to the battle rife to finish them off. A black jaguar saw him and dove at the window, with its claws outstretched. It hit the

wall but stuck in with its claws, putting its head through the window and snapping at him. A sniper shot was placed in its neck, a seemingly weak spot in its armored bodysuit and it dropped. The other Jaguars, alerted of his presence, were annoyed at the passing of one of their own, but were preoccupied. Two, however opened fire with their Jaguar claws. Three shots fired out with one pull of the trigger and stuck into the wall. They then exploded in a small burst of flame, much like a needler but only with black blades and a red explosion. The Jaguar on the left managed to get one of its shots to stick into Dan's shoulder armor. It seemed to go through his shields like a hot knife through butter, leaving a hole which was instantly rejuvenated. The bullet, however still stuck into him, and when it blew up, it hurt like hell. He crouched down and ripped open a medpack, opened his visor revealing his grotesque face (I'm only kidding) and popped the pill. He healed instantly and then got up, pulled out his dual magnums and blasted the hell out of the asshole who shot him.

Nick and Albert were wreaking havoc on the hunters and Jags. The sniper shots seemed to penetrate the armor in the joints, and the Jags wore no helmets. However, the Jags themselves seemed quite durable, as they could withstand repeated shots to the stomach. Only shots to the head, neck, or heart would be guaranteed to put them down for good, but they had a weak spot where the solar plexus would be (right under your ribs, where they meet) that put them down for roughly a minute. Also, you could restrict their movements by hitting them in that spot, they seemed to have weak nerves, and the solar plexus was their core. If you hit them in the arm, they wouldn't be able to move it for a minute, a leg went the same way. They preferred fighting hand to hand (to hand to hand in their case) but were adept at firing their scoped Jaguar claws. They could also fire four single handed weapons at once if they had to.

"They're almost done, we should be finished with this fight within five minutes," Andrew said over the com.

"You're right, but there might be a problem," Nick said.

"What's that?" Dan asked.

"Umâ€|look out the window," Nick said. As they watched, the remaining Jaguars, ten, threw down their guns, sprang to and from every enemy around and killed them. Five jumped up to the balcony where Nick and Albert were and five busted down the door to Andrew and Dan. The Jaguars advanced on the Spartans, who, though outnumbered, were confident. That is, until the Jaguars split themselves into two, creating twenty targets total. Even then, they weren't too upset by the entire spectacle. That is, until the Jaguars attacked.

8. This could be bad

I'm glad my reviewers like the story and think it is funny, but I am gearing it towards the action. I will change it by popular demand if necessary. So happy to be getting reviews. Remember, one a chapter isn't much to ask for but it will get me to keep going. If I get more, then I'll do a longer chapter and work harder on it.

Twenty Jags advanced on the Spartans. Cortana looked through the feed and sent a message to the. "Well boys, don't be afraid. The Jags can

create illusions, but the illusions can take hits, too. They won't hurt you, but be wary because they will cover for the real Jaguars. Keep ammo in reserve, otherwise they'll drain you dry."

The Spartans, refreshed with this knowledge, opened fire cautiously. They were careful about wasting their ammo, and found ways to distinguish between real and fake Jaguars. The fake people, for one, bled a slightly different shade of green. They also bled if shot where the armor would have been.

Dan fired a test shot into the armor of a Jag, but it bounced off. "Oh shit that one's real," he concluded. He dodged a swipe of claws and pulled out both of his magnums. He jumped over the Jaguar and held both guns to the creature's neck. "Bet your armor can't help you against this!" BRAP BRAP!

Andrew fired a shot from his rocket launcher, saying "Screw this!" It hit three real and four fake Jags and took them all down.

"I'll finish these off, you go clear that room." Dan spread his arms at out at head level, aiming at two Jags that were rushing him putting a cap through the head of a real and another through a fake.

Albert soon found that energy swords were essentially useless against Jags as their bodysuits absorbed the energy broadcast by the sword. He threw it down and reached for the closest weapon, a brute plasma rifle. It fired fifty shots before overheating, all of which struck the Jag in the chest. Its energy absorbing suit took roughly thirty of the shots and then overheated. The generator pack exploded like a plasma grenade and took out a fake as well as the real that wore it.

Nick had his shotgun out and blasted through the "core" of a real, causing it to twitch uncontrollably. Its claws grazed him, but cut apart two fakes. He turned his attention to one that was aiming its jaguar claw at him. He ducked, rolled, fired, rolled, pistol whipped and stood. He tossed his shotgun to Albert who was desperately dodging the claws of a real with a broken arm. Albert seemed to be punching back at points but was not doing much good. He grabbed the shotgun and blasted the creature through the head. Nick picked up a dropped Jaguar claw and shot it, hitting two fakes and a real. The fakes went down, but the real took the bullet and kept coming. It jumped high in the air and dive-bombed Nick, claws first. The claws grazed his shoulder and Albert finished it off with a shotgun shell.

The Jaguar claw was a powerful, stocky weapon with a two and ten times scope. It can fire three shots at once which explode upon contact. Similar to the needler, but on a larger scale. Very imprecise when at close range, especially comparatively against other covenant weapons. Good against large groups and, as it can be shifted to single shot, is a great sniper weapon. Magazine fed, but seems to have a backup system. If no magazine, it fires like a covenant carbine but with rapid fire. Has a solar panel to allow unlimited ammo capacity. All around amazing gun.

The boys suited up. Nick hit his com, "Arbiter, are you there?" Static. "Arbiter, are you there?" Static, then a slurred message.

"Nick, we wereâ€|attacked. Forerunners hadâ€|new weaponâ€|killed all ofâ€|usâ€|I was hitâ€|probably willâ€|pass out inâ€|few momentsâ€|we're inâ€|theâ€|ughâ€|" There was the sound of an energy sword being ignited. They heard the Arbiter fight with a foe, though they were unsure as to who. They heard a thunk and then only static.

"Oh my godâ€|he'sâ€|" Dan started.

"The Arbiterâ€|why?" Andrew began.

"We should have been there to help them!" Nick cried.

"YES HE'S DEAD! NOW, I CAN TAKE OVER THE COVENANT RACE WITH NO ONE BUT THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND SOLDIERS TO STAND IN MY WAY!" Albert said.

"Dude, you have issues. I've got the number for a great psychiatrist. I went for counseling but that's not how it ended." Andrew lied.

"You wish."

(Please pause while Andrew ATTEMPTS to hurt Nick, but gets his head shoved through a wall and then is dumped in a garbage pail.)

"Let's keep moving, we'll find Arbiter's body and then get the hell outta here." They all agreed and turned around. They were shocked at the sight...

"Master Chief sir, who the hell are they?"

9. The Blob

"Well, those guys are, umâ€|well, they're probes. Cortana designed them using Guilty Spark 343's technology. They carry information. Right now, they're carrying A.I.'s. We sent away for them while you were inside. I'm going to read out an A.I.'s name and what it specializes in, you guys step forward to choose who gets it." Chief said.

"Got it," The Spartans said at once.

"Rivera, specializing in tactics regarding covenant technologies and vehicular transport. Also good with calculating structural integrity and determining force's next moves."

Andrew stepped forward and grabbed Rivera, saying, "I could use that info if I needed to know which spot to hit to bring a building down quicktime."

"Alright. Next up is Vibez. He's a specialist in determining strengths and weaknesses. He's got the ability to track movements and has great training in covenant vehicles."

"MINE!" Albert said.

"Next up, Sonic. He's got a bit of training in everythingâ€|but isn't

too great at covenant intel."

"I got him, I don like covy weapons anyway." Dan said.

"Lastly, I guess you'll get this one, Nick. It's Bishop. He was copied from Cortana and has basic training in all of her programs."

"Sweet."

"Now, I want you to press the red button on the probe containing your A.I. It'll upload your A.I. and also give you a new program called concussion mayhem. It'll send out a concussion blast to the surrounding area, knocking everything and everyone down. It might come in handy."

The Spartans did as asked and then headed towards where the Arbiter's message had come from. Entering a room, they were horrified. Scattered along the room were the bodies of elite, grunts and hunters seemingly with their skins ripped off. Their armor was in one pile at one side of the room and their skins on the other. Nick pulled out his shotgun and walked into the room. He checked his heat and motion scanners, then had Bishop double-check, sensing nothing, he waved the others in.

A group of shadows started to pass back and forth across them and his scanners went haywire. They were suddenly detecting movement everywhere, and his heat sensors were acting as if they were in a volcano. A large blast flew towards them and struck Andrew in the chest. He flew back and slumped to the ground, unconscious. The shadows stopped and his sensors went back to normal, so he checked Andrew's body, he was alive, and seemed to be in perfect condition, but he was sleeping.

The shadows appeared again and this time, struck Dan, they then left and the body was checkedâ€"same condition. Again, the blast hit Nick. One came at Albert but he managed to convert his entire shield supply into one concentrated burst straight where the blast would hit him. His shields flickered then died. The shadows, surprised that a creature had blocked their attack, lingered, just long enough to get dropped by a shotgun shell. The blasts were loud enough to wake up the other Spartans, who awoke groggily.

"That was so weird, while I was out, I dreamt about this huge monster, it was like a pink blob and it was moving the shadows. I got so scared!" The three Spartans who had been knocked out said together. Albert didn't even notice, though, as he spotted a large pink blob moving towards an unconscious Arbiter.

PLEASE PAUSE WHILE ALBERT GOES UNDER SERIOUS PERSONAL REFLECTION

If I save him, I get glory, and an ally.

If I let him die, I get closer to becoming king of the covenant.

If I let him die, people won't help me become king of the covenant.

If I save him, I can kill him laterâ€|I'll save him!

Matrix bullet-time!

Albert pulled out two shotguns and jumped into a cartwheel, shooting a mass of bullets at the pink creature. The shots hadn't even hit before he landed and pulled out two rocket launchers, firing all the shots and then throwing the actual launchers. The pink blob got hit by everything andâ€"(end matrix bullet time) kept moving. Albert ran, picked up the Arbiter and chucked him to Nick yelling, "CATCH!" The Arbiter flew to Nick and green stuff flew through the air behind him. The pink blob jumped, revealing a stinger and flew at Albert.

Acting quickly, Dan grabbed Andy's rocket launcher and shot the stinger. The blob exploded, shrieking. "There's always a weak spot," Dan said.

Andrew picked up the Arbiter and they all left. Outside, Master Chief threw the Arbiter into a side seat of a warthog, hopped in the driver, motioned for Albert to get in the gunner and for the other three to jump in the other one. They all drove back to their headquarters and talked about their successes and losses.

WOW I AM SO SORRY IT'S BEEN SO LONG! I'm sorry to desert my loyal fans (if there still are any) but for about two weeks, I hit a major writers block and only had different stories come to mind. Then, my uncle and I were at the mall and we were mugged, he got shot in the arm and I got a broken leg and collar-bone. I'm ok now and I promise I'll get more chapters up soon.

End
file.